

*The Historie of*

No, yet time serues, wherein you may redeme  
Your banisht honors, and restore your selues,  
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:  
Reueng the iering and disdain'd contempt  
Of this proud King, who studies day and night  
To answere all the debt he owes you,  
Euen with the bloudie payment of your deaths:  
Therefore I say.

*Wor.* Peace Coosin, say no more.  
And now I will vnclasp a secret booke,  
And to your quicke conceiuing discontents  
Ile read your matter deepe and dangerous,  
As full of perill and aduenterous spirit,  
As to o're walke a Current roring lowd,  
On the vnsteadfast footing of a speare.

*Hot.* If he fall in, good night, or sinke or swimde,  
Send danger from the East vnto the west,  
So honor crosse it, from the North to South,  
And let them grapple: the bloud more stirres  
To rowse a Lion then to start a Hare.

*North.* Imagination of some great exploit  
Drives him beyond the boundes of patience,

*Hot.* By heauen me thinks it weare an easie leape,  
To pluck bright honor from the pale-fac'd Moone  
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,  
Where fadome-line could neuer touch the ground,  
And pluck vp drowned honor by the lockes,  
So hee that doth redeeme her thence might weare  
Without corriuall all her dignities:  
But out vpon this halfe fac't fellowship.

*Wor.* He apprehendes a world of figures here,  
But not the forme of what he should attend,  
Good Coosen giue me audience for a while.

*Hot.* I cry you mercy.

*Wor.* Those same noble *Scots* that are your prisoners.

*Hot.* Ile keepe them all.

By God he shall not haue a *Scot* of them.  
No, if a *Scot* would saue his soule, he shall not.

*Henry*

Ile keepe them, by this hand.

*Wor.* You start away,  
And lend no care vnto my pu  
Those Prisoners you shall kee

*Hot.* Nay, I will; that's flar  
He said he would not ransom  
Forbade my tongue to speake  
But I will finde him when he l  
And in his eare Ile hallow, *Mo*  
Nay, Ile haue a Starling shall l  
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and gi  
To keepe his anger still in mo

*Wor.* Heare you Coosin, a v

*Hot.* All studies heere I sol  
Saue how to gall and pinch th  
And that same *Sword* and *Bue*  
But that I thinke his Father lo  
And would be glad he met wi  
I would haue him poysoned w

*Wor.* Farewell Kinsman, Il  
When you are better tempere

*Nor.* Why what a Waspe  
Art thou to breake into this v  
Tying thine eare to no tongue

*Hot.* Why looke you, I am  
Netled, and stung with Pismir  
Of this vile Polititian *Bullingb*  
In *Richards* time, what doe you  
A Plague vpon it, it is in *Gloce*  
Twas where the mad-cap *Du*  
His vnkle *Yorke*, where I first l  
Vnto this King of Smiles, this  
Zbloud, when you and he can

*Nor.* At *Barkly* Castle.  
Why what a candie deale of c  
This fawning Grey-hound th  
Looke when his infant *Fortun*  
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and k